

SOCIAL WAR IN PHILADELPHIA

ALL BECAUSE THE McFADDENS ARE NOT IN THE ASSEMBLY

And Life to Those Who Are Out in Dream and Desolate—The Explanation Obvious to Those Who Know What the Assemblies Mean to Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 22.—Rumors are abroad that the McFaddens are merry, merry Christmas for the McFadden home at Nineteenth and Delancey streets. No, the financial depression has nothing to do with it. Santa Claus has regularly remembered the McFaddens for some years now and there is excellent reason to suppose that no McFadden stocking will be neglected this year. But what matter all other earthly Philadelphia joys if the McFaddens are not in the PHILADELPHIA ASSEMBLY? And, oh, how it now appears certain that in this year at least the McFaddens will not be invited.

Meaning principally Mrs. J. Franklin McFadden and her debutante daughter, Miss Katharine Hyson McFadden, J. Franklin McFadden himself must be reckoned with, of course, but he is only the man behind the dough. Everybody in Philadelphia knows all about the McFaddens, but for the month of December, the McFaddens have been invited to live elsewhere it ought to be said that J. Franklin is a son of George H., who has made millions in cotton.

But the McFadden ancestors were not as shrewd and far seeing as their descendants. In fact, the McFadden forefathers made a pretty bad break. Not one of them had the foresight away back in the seventeenth century to have the McFaddens alone upon the ASSEMBLY. In fact, it now appears that not until the present generation did any McFadden ever appreciate the really vital importance of such a move. But they appreciate it now. There is no doubt of that. And for two years the moss grown grandfathers have been shuddering under the sturdy blows of McFadden fists. But there's pretty stout stuff in those gates. They may have shuddered, but they haven't fallen up to date.

Writing from Philadelphia, it comes pretty hard to have to explain about the ASSEMBLY. But since needs must, here goes:

To put it mildly then, you might as well be dead as to live in Philadelphia and not be in the ASSEMBLY. You might just as well go and throw your feeble, ineffective body into the river and have done with it. To be sure, there are only about 1,500 persons who are in at the time of the ASSEMBLY. There are 1,200,000 persons existing in this town, leaving a total of 1,202,197 who are out. It's hard to see why they all keep going, but deep hidden in each human breast is found the instinct to live—or some such thing. It is the instinct, the mysterious force of creation, maybe, the course of life, that makes the McFaddens die. They still have hopes, but for the rest—well, it's a puzzle.

So, as we were saying, the ASSEMBLY got going in 1718 and with the exception of the years of the Revolutionary fighting and then for four or five years after the close of the last century they've been going ever since. And those that are in are in and those that are out are out, and very much out at that.

Because, you see, only the most extraordinary combination of circumstances will get you in if none of your progenitors was in before you. Of course, it sometimes happens that some person whose great-great-grandfather used to throw dollars across the Potomac River with his right hand and who had previously lived in Philadelphia makes up his mind for some obscure reason to come to reside here. Occasionally, if these persons are of the right family, they are admitted. Again, if one of the male inns marries an out, she is also admitted, but it is pleasant to say that this is a very rare occurrence. On the other hand, if one of the female inns desire to display such inclinations as to marry an out, she is consigned to outer darkness.

Take the case of the Wainwright brothers. Clement Reeves Wainwright married the daughter of Thomas Reeves. Thomas Reeves was her mother one of the Biddles or was she not? Also, she is a niece of A. J. Dallas Dixon, who, as everybody knows, is manager of the assembly. And so it goes. Now, there is a saying in Philadelphia that if you offend a Dixon you offend 500. Moreover, her mother was a Biddle. Did Clement Reeves Wainwright get in? Oh, don't be foolish.

But as for Mrs. Francis King Wainwright—well, that's another story. Francis King Wainwright is a brother of Clement Reeves. He married a daughter of United States Senator Foraker of Ohio. Her mother was not a Biddle, nor was she related to the Dixons. Is she still out? She is.

But to get back to the ASSEMBLY. It's like saying that two and two are four, but anyhow, we're in for it now, and so let it be said that the first one who was admitted was the son of a Biddle. Later on they were danced at the Water Street Tavern, the State House, the Musical Fund Hall, in the Shakespeare Building and in the Academy of Music, the latter place holding the record for a half century or so.

The history of the ASSEMBLY has not been entirely peaceful. Whenever anything happened that hadn't happened at any of the preceding ASSEMBLYS there was always a prodigious uproar. When the managers decided to about the ASSEMBLY, the managers have the repeat eaten at small tables there was a row that threatened the very existence of the function. The older members said that if you didn't keep a tight hand on the young folks they were sure to make a mess of it. But the young folks triumphed again two years ago, when they decided to desert the Academy of Music and hold the ASSEMBLY at the Bellevue Hotel, where they have since made their headquarters.

And there is still cited by way of horrible warning to the radicals of to-day the case of Miss Polly Ritchie, who, when she was thing created a scandal at one of the ASSEMBLYS by standing up in a set that was not her own.

But though such epoch making innovations as these have greatly alarmed the conservatives the future of the ASSEMBLY looks fairly safe. You see, the committee of management and eligibility is a self-perpetuating body. It chooses its own successors whenever it thinks it wants any. There aren't any campaigns from the dissatisfied or anything troublesome like that. In fact, it's a limitless oligarchy, and the only effective protest possible is to get out, and, well, some die a few—no more resign.

Tradition rules here as nowhere else, and there still prevails the law that existed when the daughter of Squire Hillegas left the ASSEMBLY involuntarily about the year 1787. The records state that Miss Hillegas sacrificed all for love when she married "an extensive jeweller and goldsmith in High street." That Miss Hillegas, who took her extensive goldsmith and departed, and from that day to this oblivion has covered her with the shadow of his wings. Poor Miss Hillegas! The most comfortable thing one can say for her is that she has at any rate been a long time dead.

But do not forget the bright side of the picture—the law that admits the female out who marries a man who's in. There's Mrs. Andrew Wheeler, happy couple, Andrew Wheeler belongs to the iron and steel family and has also long been away in. His brother is the gigantic Beef Wheeler of Princeton football fame. Andrew Wheeler married a Miss Jennie Pierce. She was pretty, but she lived in the Wilds of Wallasea street where the grass grows tall and lush in the summertime.

Behold, too, the happy fate of Miss Gladys Bradley of Pittsburgh, where there are no ASSEMBLYS. It was Miss Bradley's sister who married Anthony J. Drexel Biddle. Miss Bradley is now away in and the heart of many a Philadelphia maid whose sister married no Biddle is indeed sore. There

are really not enough Biddles for the demand.

"For," said the witty Miss Edith Moore Taylor, or so they say, "a Biddle is almost a Cadwalader."

Also is to be mentioned the case of Mrs. Robert Moore Robinson. She was and is credited with being one of the most beautiful women in America, but you see how it is, she was born in San Francisco. Still she did her best to come for it by marrying Edward Moore Robinson and was there, upon after a dual invited in. And here is where she triumphed again. For although it has been two years since she got in she has not yet appeared at the ASSEMBLYS. All the inns agree that she had thus displayed impeccable taste. Had she appeared at the ASSEMBLYS promptly upon being invited Philadelphia would have been shocked. There was once a case—but why bother?

And so it goes. You can see or yourself by this time, if by any weird chance you didn't see it before, what it means to belong to the ASSEMBLYS, or rather, what it means to belong to the very best society, be invited to dine and dance and lunch and receive with all the best people—even with all those who are in. They may not seem able to receive you upon a perfectly equal footing. And you may smile and smile and pretend that you are having a really good time and that you're glad you're living and all that, but what's the use, when all the time there's that worm in the bud, that canker gnawing in your breast? You're not in the ASSEMBLYS, and they are!

Mrs. Frederick Thurston Mason, the Mrs. Paron Stevens of Philadelphia, is a kind hearted lady who does what she can to assuage the public grief. During the season she presides over the Monday dancing classes for debutantes. But only debutantes who are in are eligible to real membership. Others, Mrs. Mason can and does occasionally invite as her guests, so that the inns and the outs meet beneath the same roof in this manner. But after all it's only another drop of gall. If you're in you're in and life is lovely. If you're out you're out and you can never forget it. Kind words are very well, but they won't restore a broken leg or make you think you've got a nose if you haven't.

If this hasn't made clear the causes of the McFadden campaign nothing possibly could. Suffice it to say that Miss Katharine McFadden came out only this autumn, the campaign began last year. Now when the McFaddens have entertained lavishly in diverse ways, a McFadden opera being one of the trimmings. But the invitations for this year's ASSEMBLYS are not in the hands of the McFaddens are not in.

It must be admitted that history furnishes little encouragement for the McFaddens. To be sure the E. T. Stotesbury beat down the moss grown walls in 1904, and Mr. Stotesbury was a financier with huge connections. Various young men of the inns stuck pens back of their ears in offices prepared for their success upon the Stotesbury genius. The year 1904 was a rather open season anyhow, for it was then that the Theodore Cramps scrambled over the walls into the ASSEMBLYS. Miss Ella Cramps, sister of the late Theodore, was to be sure, but it was by a flank movement. She married Edward Browning, who is—well, of course, every one knows all about that. Fact is, if you're in the wall scaling line it's much more important to have somebody to pull than to boost.

Well, the first of the two annual ASSEMBLYS is held in January, the second in February and the usual large crop of head-aches is expected to arrive on those two days. They say that there are more severe head-aches in Philadelphia in January and February than in all the rest of the year. Also many imperative calls to New York have to be answered on those days. And wouldn't it be a beautiful thing if the McFaddens' body's middle name was spelled wrong in this story.

THE MANHATTAN CONCERT.

Sammacco on the Stage and Bassi in a Box Please Audience.

Joy over the loosening of the Sunday law was reflected by the audience and singers alike at the concert at the Manhattan Hotel last night. Those in the orchestra rows clapped, the gallery barked and the singers were graciously thankful.

M. Mario Sammacco seemed to be the favorite of the evening. He appeared on the programme twice and each time he appeared to be on the verge of giving an encore to the insistent demands of the audience. His Prologue from "Pagliacci," his number one on the programme, pleased the audience better than the cavatina from "The Barber of Seville," which he rendered near the close of the concert.

His number two, the song "Oh, Don't Arimondi," tried out the generous bulk of his bass on the "Carmen" humoresque from "The Barber of Seville," much to the evident satisfaction of M. Bessi, who sang the song last night. Those in the side of the stage and who cheered M. Arimondi's stage to passages in the song by winks and merry waving of the hands. Those who saw the passage between the two singers considered their little. Those one of the features of the evening. M. Adorno Dider, with the "Piff Puff" song from "Les Huguenots" and M. Armando Crabbe, giving two short selections from Bizet and Berlioz, completed portion of the male singers.

Mme. Adelina Agostinelli rendered "Sanctus" and "Credo" from the opera "Ritornella." Mme. Brosier-Gianoli sang an aria from "The Prophet." Shorter selections went to Mme. De Cienaros and Mme. Giannina Russ.

M. Campanini made the usual popular hit by conducting his orchestra through the overture to "Tannhauser."

THE METROPOLITAN CONCERT.

Mmes. Homer, Cavallieri and Rappold Among the Soloists.

Nobody appeared disposed to interfere with the concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, although the audience was smaller than usual. Those in the orchestra rows showed how they were going—if you didn't keep a tight hand on the young folks they were sure to make a mess of it. But the young folks triumphed again two years ago, when they decided to desert the Academy of Music and hold the ASSEMBLY at the Bellevue Hotel, where they have since made their headquarters.

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SCALING THE SINGHERHORN

SPORT IN THE HIGHLANDS FOR THE ALPINE CLIMBERS.

Up Into the Clouds With Alpenstock and No North—Hunting the Chamois on the Eleventh Floor, With Good Results—Popular Activity of Lower Broadway.

Plans are now being made by the sporting and athletic element in Wall Street for the opening of the mountain climbing season. The alpenstocks, the life lines and the Tyrolean hats are being furbished up, and as soon as the Singer Building opens up the climbing season will begin. It is expected that climbing parties will take the place of other amusements on Sundays, especially as on that day the elevators are not likely to be running. Tennis in the building are ascribing to the movement, because they want to be fit and ready in case the elevators go out of commission suddenly. Those who live in the thirties and forties, that is on the floors that high up, want to be trained for the emergency.

Climbing the Singherhorn is likely to be as popular a sport as ever the Alpine climber encountered. The management of the building realizes the importance of the coming season. The janitors will have alpenstocks all prepared for the adventurous, and furthermore experienced guides will be on hand. Parties will be limited to five. A guide with the line about his waist will precede the climbers and the others will follow, linked together, with a guide in the rear. The smoothness of the steps will make the ascent difficult. The first three or four floors may be carpeted. Disagree with the climbing confidence and courage, but after that it will take hardiness and daring to make the ascent.

It is a beautiful day in the dull depth of winter. The climbers assemble at the foot of the Singherhorn. The intrepid guide, Schmaltwitz, who scaled the Flatiron, and the no less brave Schnaufer, who first achieved the pinnacle of the Metropolitan, are yodling merrily while the party is being formed.

"O-la-he-he, O-la-he-he-he!" bursts forth the triumphant cry, and from the foothills come the lowing of the kine, the neighing of the traffic squad horses and the baying of the St. Bernards. It is a party of the customary five that is about to try the dangerous ascent. Schmaltwitz ties the rope about his waist and grasps his faithful alpenstock, which has burned on it the names of other daring climbers: David Horn, Frenchhorn, Isenberg, Kaffenbergh, but no mention is made of his intrepid march from one end to the other of Lustinaufrau. Schmaltwitz cries out "Vorwaerts!" and the members of the party do so with lusty might and main. Hay foot, straw foot, hay foot, straw foot, they cry, as they are treading carefully where the climbing is easy.

And so for eleven stories they go upward, until they get into the kitchen of the Singerspire. Then comes the daring work that stirs the hearts of the climbers. The first crevasse is to be passed. With hearts beating high the climbers work their way up. Schmaltwitz as he takes a leap and is over, landing on hands and knees on the other side. He braces himself and in return catches the climbers one by one as they leap. It is a vast crack in the cement floor that they have cleared and pride beats in their hearts.

There are sportmen in the group as the 40 express rifle of the mighty hunter Leo von Schneewitzenheimroengener shows. What prey does he expect? He has in mind to bag a beautiful chamois and bear it back to the lower ground in triumph. Suddenly he is all alertness. He has caught sight of the spoor or some such thing of the chamois. He braces with eagerness.

All is excitement. Leo is calm and steady, however, as the experienced hunter must be after the first bewildering heart throb. In sentences of phrases or words characteristic of the mighty hunter, he remarks "Links." The party veers to the left. Gently, oh, so gently, the climbers go now. They climb for maybe 20 feet, maybe 200 yards, before the sight of the prey outlined on a crag or a window sill against the sky is seen. Van Schneewitzenheimroengener raises his howling cry of triumph, an express or special delivery rifle. Bin! goes the gun. Hurrah! cry the climbers, and fluttering down a thousand feet goes the chamois, lit on by the sky like a white cleaner. It was a perfect bullseye. En avant, mes enfants. Also, Tenemos que subir.

They climb and they keep on climbing until they reach the high ball. Not the liquid refreshment alone, but the ball on the spire of the Singherhorn. And then they come down. They have to.

GIFTS TO STAGE CHILDREN.

Annual Feast Marred Only by a Mishap to a Teddy Bear.

More than 400 children of the stage were made happy at Tony Pastor's Theatre and Tammany Hall last night. First they were entertained in the theatre by a "company" of little actors and actresses from among their own number, then all filed up on turkey and other good things and finally each got a present.

The "artists" who appeared in the theatre ranged from 3 to 14 years in age. Baby Jackson, 4 years old, was down to sing "The Little Brown Bear." It was no fault of his that he had to stop right in the middle of the song. The heartless "Teddy" man of the song. When he made Baby Jackson's Teddy Bear he put bad stuff into him. That was apparent when the left hind leg of the little brown bear dropped off when Master Jackson was giving it his hardest hug. One look at the maimed bear brought a sudden end to the song and also a storm of tears.

Tony Pastor had just given Baby Jackson that bear before he went out on the stage and the "actor" thought a whole lot more of that than he did of the approval of the audience. Tony came quickly to the rescue. He grabbed the first Teddy bear he could find behind the scenes and rushed out on the stage with it. Alas, it was white, but the singer nevertheless went on happily with "The Little Brown Bear."

Baby Tobin, another four-year-old, sang "Poor John," and then when the audience applauded she raised her tiny hand for a second and peeped.

"Now, we'll all join in together." The chorus that followed made the theatre ring.

Nearly all of the prominent actors and actresses in town were contributors to the festival. The leading spirit in it this year, as in previous years, however, was Mrs. E. L. Fernandez. The presents were distributed in Tammany Hall's ballroom. These consisted of all sorts of toys, candy and articles of clothing. There was a fine frolic for the children in the ballroom afterward.

CLARK'S CRUISE OF THE "ARABIC"

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O THE ORIENT

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The new six volume edition of Tennyson is edited by the poet's son, the present Lord Tennyson, and the notes include a number of Tennyson's own notes appended to the poems at different times and giving interesting facts concerning their origin. These volumes will contain a number of poems never before printed or printed in the poet's early life and immediately suppressed. There are also early versions which afterward became famous in a revised form and some interesting metrical experiments.

Gertrude Atherton will arrive in New York during the present week on her way from San Francisco to London. After a six weeks visit in England she will go on to Munich for the winter. Next year she intends spending the winter in New York.

The poetess and musician Carlotta Ferrari, who died recently at Bologna, was born about the middle of the last century, and her collected works, which comprise four volumes, have been recognized as valuable by the highest literary critics of her own country. Her poem "Dante Alighieri," in ten cantos, ran into several editions.

A new work in process of preparation for boys is called "The Boys' Book of Steamships" and is written by Mr. J. R. Bowden, author of "The Boys' Book of Locomotives." It discusses simply the great problems with which the naval architect and engine builder are always grappling and gives a summary of the history of navigation and an account of the great shipping companies on the four oceans.

"The Writing of English," by P. J. Hartog, with the assistance of Mrs. A. H. Langdon, has just been issued. Mr. Hartog sums up the plan of the book as follows: The English boy cannot write and is not taught to write English; the French boy can write French because he is taught how to write; how the French boy is taught and how the English boy may be taught.

The publication of Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Faust: A Drama," originally announced for December, has been postponed until after the holidays.

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The idea proposed by Hugues le Roux to raise the standard of French literature circulating in America is taking definite shape in establishing at New Orleans the first central station for the sale of the higher class of French literary and scientific books, with a reading room attachment where lectures will be given every week.

Francis Arthur Jones will publish in February of next year, under the title of "Thomas Alva Edison: Sixty Years of an Inventor's Life," the story of the famous electrician's career from the time he published a newspaper on board a train at fourteen and later was an out at elbows "tramp" telegraph operator until his electrical inventions caused the formation of a \$15,000,000 stock company. The book is the result of close acquaintance with and careful study of the inventor.

"The Mongols," which is to be published this week, is considered the crowning work of the late Jeremiah Curtin. Mr. Curtin is best known through his translations of "Quo Vadis" and other novels of Henry Sienkiewicz, but he was also a remarkable linguist, a great traveler and a close student of history. He spent the last years of his life on a history of the Mongol Empire, and his book on "The Mongols," now ready, will be followed next year by "Russia Under the Mongols."

Mr. L. Melano Rossi's work on the "Santuario of the Madonna di Vico," which has appeared in Italy and in England, is attracting the attention of the architects and connoisseurs in this country. Mr. Rossi is an Italian scholar who is at the present time in America.

"Immortal Memoirs," by Clement Shorter, which is now brought out in an American edition, consists of addresses delivered originally before literary societies. The dedicatory titles "To the immortal memory of"—attach such names as Dr. Johnson, William Cowper, George Barrow and George Crabbe. One of these essays on "The Hunt for the Unicorn" has been published.

Employees at Meadville Object to Increased Working Hours.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Dec. 22.—Unless favorable news comes from the New York office of the Erie Railroad before 1 o'clock tomorrow morning a strike will be declared at the Meadville shops that may spread over the line. Orders were received yesterday from General Manager Stuart to increase the working time of the men forty-five minutes a day without extra pay. The 100 men decided at a meeting held last night to strike.

Men's Gloves—Many Styles

The gift of gloves cannot go amiss. Here are the finest qualities, in a dozen or more styles, ranging in price from \$1.25 a pair for a pair of kid gloves to \$2.50 a pair for kid gloves. The selection includes the best quality of kid gloves at \$1.75.

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